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POETRY.

LINES TO A FAVORITE

I stray alone amid this calm
And shadowy twilight—on the air
Comes evening's low mysterious psalm.
As solemn as the voice of prayer.
Oh, as these sounds my sorrows lull,
My soul, from earth's dark fetters free,
Goes forth to greet the beautiful,
Flying on Love's dear wings to thee.

Oh, thou to me art very dear,
I love thy soft and high control,
And all thy tones so sweet and clear
Are blessed music to my soul.
Thou art my star amid the dark.
My sunbow on the tempest's brow,
My young dove of life's wandering ark
To bring to me Love's olive-bough.

Mayest thou e'er be as now thou art,
May life thy every hope fulfil,
And no springs gush within thy heart
That time or grief to ice can chill.
May'st thou ne'er know earth's bitter tears,
May'st thou escape its every strife,
And all the day-springs of thy years
Redden with glory in thy life.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE THRONE.

"I tell thee, Hilda, said the earl, impatiently, "I tell thee, that I renounce henceforth all faith save in Him whose ways are concealed from our eyes. Thy scid and thy galdra have not guarded me against peril, nor armed me against sin—Nay, perchance—but peace: I will no more tempt the dark art—I will no more seek to disentangle the awful truth from the juggling lie. All so foretold me I will seek to forget—hope from no prophecy, fear from no warning. Let the soul go to the Future, under the shadow of God!"

"Pass on thy way as thou wilt, its goal is the same, whether seen or unmarked. Peradventure thou art wise," said the Vala, gloomily.

"For my country's sake, Heaven be my witness, not my own," resumed the earl, "I have blotted my conscience and sullied my truth. My country alone can redeem me, by taking my life as a thing hallowed ever more to her service. Selfish ambition do I lay aside, selfish power shall tempt me no more; lost is the charm that I beheld in a throne, and, save for Edith—"

"No! not for Edith," cried the betrothed, advancing, "not even for Edith shalt thou listen to other voice than that of thy country and thy soul."

The earl turned round abruptly, and his eyes were moist.

"O Hilda," he cried, "see henceforth my only Vala; let that noble heart alone interpret to us the oracles of the future."

The next day Harold returned with Haco and a numerous train of his house-carles to the city. Their ride was as silent as that of the day before; but on reaching Southwark, Harold turned away from the bridge toward the left, gained the river side, and dismounted at the house of one of his lithsmen (a frankling, or freed ceorl). Leaving there his horse, he summoned a boat, and with Haco, was rowed over toward the fortified palace which then rose toward the west of London, jutting into the Thames, and which seems to have formed the out work of the old Roman city. The palace, of remotest antiquity, and blending all work and architecture, Roman, Saxon and Danish, had been repaired by Canute; and from a high window in the upper story, where were the royal apartments, the body of the traitor Edric Streone (the founder of the house of Godwin) had been thrown into the river.

"Whither go we, Harold?" asked the son of Sweyn.

"We go to visit the young Atheling, the natural heir to the Saxon throne," replied Harold in a firm voice. "He lodges in the old palace of our kings."

"They say in Normandy that the boy is an imbecile,"

"That is not true," returned Harold. "I will present thee to him—judge."

Haco mused a moment and said,—

"I think I divine thy purpose; is it not formed on the sudden, Harold?"

"It was the counsel of Edith," answered Harold, with evident emotion. "And yet if that counsel prevail; I may lose the power to soften the Church and to call her mine."

"So thou wouldst sacrifice even Edith for thy country?"

"Since I have sinned methinks I could," said the proud man humbly.

The boat shot into a little creek, or rather canal, which then ran inland, beside the black and rotting walls of the fort. The two earl-born leaped ashore, passed under a Roman arch, gained a court the interior of which was rudely filled up by the early Saxon habitations of rough timber work, already, since the time of Canute, falling into decay (as all things did which came under the ease of Edward), and mounting a stair that ran along the outside of the house, gained a low narrow door, which stood open. In the passage within were one or two of the king's house-carles, who had been assigned to the young Atheling, with liveries of blue, and Danish axes, and some four or five German servitors, who had attended his father from the Emperor's court. One of these last ushered the noble Saxons into a low, forlorn ante-hall; and there, to Harold's surprise, he found Alred the Archbishop of York, and three thegns of high rank, and lineage ancient and purely Saxon.

Alred approached Harold with a faint smile on his benign face—

"Methinks, and may I think aright, thou comest hither with the same purpose as myself and yon noble thegns."

"And that purpose?"

"Is to see and to judge calmly if, despite his years, we may find in the descendant of the Ironsides such a prince as we may commend to our decaying king as his heir, and to the Witan as a chief fit to defend the land."

"Thou speakest the cause of my own coming. With your ears will I hear, with your eyes will I see; as ye judge, will judge I," said Harold, drawing the prelate towards the thegns, so that they might hear his answer.

The chiefs who belonged to a party that had often opposed Godwin's house, had exchanged looks of fear and trouble when Harold entered; but at his words their frank faces showed equal surprise and pleasure.

Harold presented to them his nephew, with whose grave dignity of bearing, beyond his years, they were favorably impressed, though the bishop sighed when he saw in his face the sombre beauty of his guilty sire. The group then conversed anxiously on the declining health of the king, the disturbed state of the realm, and the expediency, if possible of uniting all suffrages in favor of the fittest successor. And in Harold's voice and manner, as in Harold's heart, there was nothing that seemed conscious of his own mighty stake and just hopes in that election. But as time wore the faces of the thegns became overcast; proud men and great satraps were they, and they liked it ill that the boy prince kept them so long in the dismal ante-room.

At length the German officer, who had gone to announce their coming, returned; and in words intelligible indeed from the affinity between the Saxon and German, but still disagreeably foreign to English ear, requested them to follow him into the presence of the Atheling.

In a room still retaining the rude splendor with which it had been invested by Canute, a handsome boy about the age of thirteen or fourteen, but seeming much younger, was engaged in the construction of a

stuffed bird, as a lure for a young hawk that stood blindfold on its perch. The employment made so habitual a part of the serious education of youth that the thegns smoothed their brows at the sight, and deemed the boy worthily occupied. At another end of the room, a grave Norman priest was seated at a table on which were books and writing implements; he was the tutor commissioned by Edward to teach the Norman tongue and saintly lore to the Atheling. A profusion of toys strewed the floor, and some children of Edgar's own age were playing with them. His little sister Margaret was sitting seriously apart from all the other children, and employed in needle-work.

When Alred approached the Atheling, with a blending of reverent obeisance and paternal cordiality, the boy carelessly cried in a jargon, half German, half Norman-French—

"There, come not too near, you snare my hawk. What are you doing! You trample my toys which the good Norman bishop William sent me as a present from the duke. Art thou blind man?"

"My son," said the prelate, kindly, "these are the things of thy childhood—childhood ends sooner with princes than with common men. Leave thy lure and thy toys, and welcome these noble thegns, and address them, so please you, in our own Saxon tongue."

"Saxon tongue!—language of villeins! not I. Little do I know of it, save to scold a ceorl or a nurse. King Edward did not tell me to learn Saxon, but Norman; and Godfroi yonder says, that if I know Norman well, Duke William will make me his knight. But I don't desire to learn anything more to-day." And the child turned peevishly from thegn and prelate.

The three Saxon lords interchanged looks of profound displeasure and proud disgust, but Harold, with an effort over himself, approached and said winningly—

"Edgar, the Atheling, thou art not so young but thou knowest already the great live for others. Wilt thou not be proud to live for this fair country, and these noble men, and to speak the language of Alfred the Great?"

"Alfred the Great! they always weary me with Alfred the Great," said the boy pouting. "Alfred the Great, he is the plague of my life! If I am the Atheling, men are to live for me, not I for them; and if you tease me any more, I will run away to duke William in Rouen; Godfroi says I shall never be teased there!"

So saying the child, already tired of hawk and lure, threw himself on the floor with the other children, and snatched the toys from their hands.

The serious Margaret then rose quietly, and went to her brother and said in good Saxon—

"Fie, if you behave thus I shall call you NIDDERING!"

At the threat of that word, the vilest in the language—that word which the vilest ceorl would forfeit life rather than endure—a threat applied to the Atheling of England, the descendant of Saxon heroes—the three thegns drew near and watched the boy, hoping that he would start to his feet with wrath and shame.

"Call me what you will silly sister," said the child, indifferently, "I am not so Saxon as to care for your ceorlish Saxon names."

"Enow," cried the proudest and greatest of the thegns, his very mustache curling with ire. "Hewho

can be called nidding shall never be crowned our king!"

"I don't want to be crowned king, rude man, with your laidly mustache; I want to be made a knight, and have a banderol and baldric. Go away!"

"We go son," said Alred mournfully.

And with slow and tottering step he moved to the door, there he halted, turned back—and the child was pointing at him in mimicry, while Godfroi, the Norman tutor smiled as in pleasure. The prelate shook his head, and the group gained the ante-hall.

"Fit leader of bearded men! fit king for the Saxon land!" cried one of the thegns. "No more of your Atheling, Alred, my father."

"No more of him indeed!" said the prelate mournfully.

"It is but the fault of his nature and rearing—a neglected childhood a Norman tutor, German hirelings. We may re-mold yet the pliant clay," said Harold.

"Nay," returned Alred, "no leisure for such hopes, no time to undo what is done by circumstance, and I fear by nature. Ere the year is out, the throne will stand empty in our halls."

"Who then," said Haco, abruptly, "who then—(pardon the ignorance of youth wasted in captivity abroad)—who then, failing the Atheling, will save this realm from the Norman duke, who, I know well, counts on it as the reaper on the harvest ripening for his sickle?"

"Alas, who then?" murmured Alred.

"Who then!" cried the three thegns, with one voice, "why the worthiest, the wisest, the bravest! Stand forth Harold, the earl, thou art the man!" And without awaiting his answer, they strode from the hall.

JOSH BILLINGS' PAPERS.

ROOSTERS.

Roosters, according to profane history, if mi edukashun remembers me right, were formerly a man, who come suddenly upon one of the heathen gods, at a time when he wasn't prepared to see company, and waz, for that offence, rebuilt over into the fust rooster, and was forever afterward destined tew crow, as a kind of warning. This change from a man akounts for their fighting abilities, and for their politeness to the hens. There is nothing in a man that a woman admires more than his reddyngness and ability tew smash another fellow, and it iz jiss so with a hen. When a rooster gits licked, the hens all march oph with the other rooster, if he ain't half so big or handsome.

It iz pluck that wins a hen or a woman.

There iz grate variety of pedigree among the rooster race; but for stiddy bizziness give me the old fashun dominique rooster, short-legged, and when they walk, they always strut, and their bozzoms stick out, like an alderman's abdominal cupboard. This breed is hawk-colored, and has a crooked tail on them, arched like a sickle, and as full of feathers as a new duster.

But when you come right down to grit, and throw all outside influences overboard, there ain't nothing

on earth, nor under it, than kan out-style, out-step out-brag, or out-pluck a regular Bantum rooster.

They always put me in mind of a small dandy, practicing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than 30 ounces, but they make as much fuss as a ton, i have seen them tricing tew pick a quarrel with a two horse wagon, and don't think they would hesitate to fight a meeting house, if it waz the least bit sassy tew them

It iz more than fun tew hear one of these little chevallers crow, it is like a four-year old baby tricing tew sing a line out of the Star Spangled Banner.

The hen partner of this concern iz the most exquisite little bouquet of neatness and feathers that the eye ever roosted on. They are as prim as a premature yung lady. It is a luxury to watch their daintyness, tew see them lay each feather with their bills, in its place, and preside over themselves with az much delicasy and pride as a belle before her mirror.

But the consumation iz tew see the wife, a mother, leading out six little chickens a bugging; six little chickens no bigger than bumblebees.

It seems tew be necessary that there should be sumthing outrageous in evrything, to show us whare propriety ends and impropriety begins. This iz melancholly, the case in the rooster affair, for we have the shanghai rooster, the gratest outrage, in my opinion, ever committed in the annals of poultry.

These critters are the camels among fowls, they mope around the barnyard, tipping over the hay racks and stepping on the yung goslings, and evry now and then they crow confusion.

If ennyboddy should giv me a shanghai rooster i should halter him, and keep him in a box stall, and feed him on cut feed, and if he would work kind in harness, all right, if not, i would butcher him the fust wet day that cum, and salt him down to give to the poor.

But there ain't noboddy a goin tew giv me 1 of this breed, knot if i kno it, i don't think there is a man on earth mean enuff tew do it.

Roosters do but very little household work, they won't lay enny eggs, nor try to hatch enny, nor see tew the yung ones; this satisfys me that there iz sum truth in the mythological akount of the rooster's fust origin.

Yu kant git a rooster to pay enny attenshun tew a yung one, they spend their time in crowing, strutting, and occasionally find a worm, which they make a remarkabell fuss over, calling up their wives from a distance, apparently tew treat them, but just as the hens git thare, this elegant and elaborate cuss bends over and gobbles up the morsel.

Just like a man for all the world!

'Tis wondrous strange how great the change since i was in my teens; then i had a beau, and a billet-doux, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because i'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was ever so bright, i ne'er abroad could roam, without—"the bliss, the honor, Miss, of seeing you safe at home." But now i go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scared alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because i'm thirty-five.

THE FAKEER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE AT LAHORE.

RELATED BY SIR CLAUDE WADE.

I was present in 1837, at the court of Runjeet Singh when the Fakeer mentioned by the Honorable Captain Osborne was buried alive for six weeks; and although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not, consequently, witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself, and others of the most creditable witnesses of his Court, to the truth of the Fakeer having been so buried before them; and from my having myself been present when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him as to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact which I have related. Captain Osborne's book is not at present before me, that I might refer to such parts of his account as devolve the authenticity of the fact on my authority. I will therefore briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of the weight due to my evidence; and whether any proofs of collusion can, in their opinion, be detected.

On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the Fakeer had been buried. It was a square building called *borra durra*, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving here, Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his Court, dismounting from the elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so; there had been a door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar, the fourth had a strong door, which was also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh, in his own presence, when the Fakeer was interred. Indeed, the interior of the building presented no aperture by which air could be admitted, or any communication held by which food could be conveyed to the Fakeer. I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no mark whatever of having been recently disturbed or removed.

Runjeet Singh recognised the seal as the one which he had affixed, and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the success of such an enterprise,—to guard as far as possible against any collusion, he had placed two companies from his own personal escort near the building, from which four sentries were furnished and relieved, every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time, he ordered one of the principal officers of his Court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him; while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the report, morning and evening, from the officer on guard.

After our examination we settled ourselves in the verandah opposite the door, while some of Runjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall, and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock.

When the door was thrown open, nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and myself then entered it, in company with the servant of the Fakeer; and a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room into a sort of a cell, where a wooden box, about four feet long by three broad, with a sloping roof, containing the Fakeer, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it, we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head—on exposure of which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the Fakeer's servant; putting his arm into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with his back against it, exactly as the Fakeer had been squatted (like a Hindoo idol) in the box itself.

Runjeet Singh and myself then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure; but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practises could be detected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed as if had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shriveled and stiff, the face full and the head reclining on the shoulders like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body; which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part of the body exhibited.

The servant then recommenced bathing him in hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch in thickness on the top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton with which they were stopped; and, after great exertion, succeeded in opening his jaws by inserting a penknife between his teeth, and, while holding his jaws open with his left hand drew his tongue forward with his right,—in the course of which the tongue flew back to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head, the body became violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fulness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes after the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the Fakeer, recognizing Runjeet

Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakeer with a pearl necklace and a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a *khofat*, such as is usually bestowed by the princes of India on persons of distinction.

From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed; and in another half-hour the Fakeer talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the performance we had witnessed.

I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of a man being buried alive, and surviving the trial for various periods of duration; but however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief to the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

(From the *Pioneering Journal* 1866.)

THE CHURCH HISTORIAN, GEORGE A. SMITH.

This is the cousin of Joseph Smith, and an Apostle. He was in the field as a Mormon missionary in his youth, traveling in his ministry through the United States, afterward a missionary in England, a principal man in building up churches in the Potteries and organizing the Staffordshire Conference, and was one of the three Apostles in laying the foundation of the work in London. He is the General Historian of the Church, succeeding Willard Richards, and Wilford Woodruff is the assistant Historian. He has scribes laboring with him in the Historian's office, but he and Woodruff are the chief officials, for "Church Historian" is one of the great offices of the Church. George A. Smith is a force among his people, and the first politician and diplomatist of Utah. He makes great speeches, but chiefly on political occasions, and has been a foremost man in leading out the settlements, traveling throughout the Territory, urging home development, and returning and relating in public the whole history of the growth of these settlements and everything concerning them in astonishing detail. Upon these reports Brigham administers and gives instructions to all the Bishops in Utah. He is in memory what Woodruff's journals are in record, and even to the standing of a stone by the wayside that he has observed, all is remembered, and not a single thing or circumstance throughout his whole life is lost. George A. Smith is said to have the whole history of the Church in his own mind, in all its details, but, unfortunately for the future, he would carry this mental record to the grave unless extracted by his scribes. Much of the Church history has been made up from George A. Smith's memory, and if there is found any slight difference in incident, dates, or names between his memory and Woodruff's journals, "Wilford," with the greatest assurance that "George

A. Smith." is right, will, twenty years after the occurrence, alter his journals accordingly. He is the infallible walking history of the Church; from which there is no appeal.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, THE ASSISTANT HISTORIAN.

This is also a remarkable man in Mormon history. He stands next to Orson Pratt in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Excepting Heber C. Kimball he has no equal in the history of Mormondom in building up churches in England in the early rise of his people. He, in reality, has kept most of the history of his Church. Wherever he has been there everything has been recorded in his daily journals. Wilford Woodruff's journals have become quite a household word among the Mormons. It is almost incredible to believe the number of volumes and the amount of matter contained in those journals. We know a Mormon Elder, from whom we have received much information, who has labored eighteen months upon those journals, changing them from diary into regular historical form, and still has nearly ten years to bring up. If the Mormon Church were to lose Wilford Woodruff's journals, it would lose one of its greatest treasures, though much of it now has been incorporated with the General Church History. Everything is there recorded which has taken place and been said in the highest councils and private "circles" of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. It would be the best witness that could be handed into court and given to some first-class advocate upon a case involving Mormon interests. His journals are kept in the General Church Historian's office, in iron safes. He has recorded things without knowing at the time whether they were going to be of value or not, and after years have given them meaning and importance. He did not himself scarcely know what was in his journals until read to him by his scribe, changed from diary form into large volumes of autobiography, and that, too, in some instances, thirty years after the occurrences were recorded. Upon the case of the Mountain Meadow massacre, of which we have heard so much, the gentleman who has recently worked upon those volumes says, "Let any committee of the houses of Congress desirous of examining into that case, and of knowing how much Brigham Young had to do with it, call into court Wilford Woodruff's journals. They would be their best and most reliable witness. Wilford Woodruff was with Brigham in his office when the messenger brought the first news of that dreadful occurrence." The record of his building up the Herefordshire Conference is like a fable. He went to "Froom's Hill," in Herefordshire, one day and began his work, and in six months built up nearly fifty churches, establishing the same number of chapels or meeting-houses, and baptized as many ministers and hundreds of members. In fact, he found a circuit called "The Froom's Hill Circuit of the United Brethren," who had broken off from the Methodist body, and he swept them all into his Church—members, ministers, chapels and all. What could resist that man so fiercely engaged in his work? Though he is now nearly sixty years of age, one could almost venture a prophecy that he is just coming out to do the same work over again, this time in the U. S., which is just big enough for that restless worker.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

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OUR SHAKSPEARIAN REVIVAL.

HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

BY N. W. TULLIDGE.

"A revival of Shakspeare!" 'Twas well desired, and does credit to our Management. Yes, let us have a *new dispensation* of our deity of the drama. The old one is like a worn out orthodoxy. Shakspeare demands a *revival*, for he is sick with disgust. Take up the best current exponents of classical literature and read his yearnings for a new revelation of himself. His special apostles of the new dispensation are his critics, not his actors. His plays shall be *incarnations* on the stage, no longer *actings*, for Shakspeare is in league with the poets and authors. They are *reviewing* him again, and *they* can incarnate him in their conceptions, for they share with their monarch the poet-soul. Leaving the charmed circle, where my master rules, I went the other night to see his *revival* on the stage in Mr. McCullough's *Hamlet*. It was the first time for three years that I could endure to see Shakspeare, excepting in the reviewer's mirror. I was delighted with the expositions of Mr. McCullough; for I saw illustrated every moment what Hamlet is, by what Hamlet *was not*, and felt how much Shakspeare can be revived when genius, such as that of David Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth shall burst the Great Master's *unopened seals*. When these rendered Shakspeare the world was satisfied with them. Why? Because they *incarnated* so much of the genius of the master; but when we witness stars—not to word it offensively, of not more than the third magnitude as revolving suns of transcendent spheres, we question if Hamlet, Richard or Macbeth have ever been fully illustrated in the theatre. Indeed, our best critics have, like Charles Lamb, adoringly clung to the conceit that Shakspeare must be wooed into the closet by the subtlest natures, that they, lost in the author's "divine frenzy," might witness Shakspeare revealing himself.

Note a few points to suggest the compass of Hamlet's part. Examine the rare subject between him and Ophelia. An episode, only, yet what a volume is in the theme! It is that of a mighty passion which struggles in Hamlet's soul to overmatch the greater theme which constitutes the play. Take Shakspeare's own expositions. Here is a subject of passion for our hero to render:

OPH: My lord as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors!—he comes before me.

POL: Mad for thy love?

OPH: He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last—a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done he lets me go;
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
POL: Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love.

Mark! This is the very opening mood of Hamlet after the famous ghost scene, which closed with Hamlet recovered from the ecstasy into which the appearance of his father's spirit in arms threw him. It is now the ecstasy of love. That is the minor mood, and it is plaintive, passionate and antique, as fine mirror subjects always are. It is thus in music as in poetic expositions of passion, and thus, in fact, in all the manifestations of nature and art. It is a fine method, therefore, of Shakspeare to give us his minor mood in the ecstasy of passion immediately after its correspondent in the principal theme held between him and his father's spirit. This will also be found to agree with all the workings of the play throughout. Instance the close of his great soliloquy of "To be or not to be":

Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia—Nymph in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered!"

Ecstasy of love ever rushes upon the stage to distract Hamlet immediately after the great expositions of the metaphysics of the play. And

"Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'st
Thou be a breeder of sinners,"

soon follows to make discord to the touching tenderness of the theme, so pregnant in the salutation:

Here, we have the counterpart of the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia which called forth from Polonius—

"This is the very ecstasy of love!"

It is true this scene is not in the action of the play upon the stage. But Shakspeare, in the text, has given that unique scene of a soul distracted by two rival ecstasies—one of an adoring despairing love, and the other ruling him through the potent workings of his father's spirit; and our poet has furthermore painted it so strongly that there is nothing left for the imagination to conceive, though much for the genius of the actor to render. That it might be rendered Shakspeare has transposed that very scene into another form immediately after his metaphysical triumph in "To be or not to be!" This is another proof how much the genius of our great exponents of Hamlet should exhaust itself in the famous Ophelia passage of the play. Indeed, it was just here that Edmund Kean surprised a London audience into an uncommon admiration, and upon which his critic Hazlitt dwelt with so much delighted appreciation. But, how is it with our modern "stars" in general? How was it with Mr. McCulloch in Hamlet the other evening? Our Hamlets are ever huge in the ghost parts and the crawling-on-the-belly scene, but they become very much diminished in the play with Ophelia. Any fair actor can render the stage parts of a piece, but rare artistes delight in their minor renderings and touches, even more than in their scenes of power and passion. This, in fact, is true of Shakspeare himself. A master critic can discover how exquisite was the passion of Shakspeare for his minor methods, and how

much and how constantly through them he tested his genius and proved that all of dramatic science was within himself. He was not only the "Poet of all Time," but the Lawgiver of the Drama for all time. Shakspeare's knowledge was in his inspiration, and of his divine art he has left nothing new to be revealed. All is concealed in his works and his critics are ever and anon finding him out and revealing him. Now the critic finds Shakspeare's genius most revealed in his minor themes and workings, and it is just in them that they can test his capacity and dramatic art. He seems not to have plumed himself upon his soliloquies, but he loved his Lady Ann and Ophelia parts, for they are of the minor quality, and will afford him unique triumphs, and surprise his critics into a clapping of hands. Then our Booths and Keans have their triumphs, too, for the analytical intellect of the world set in admiration before them to applaud, not their ghost parts and stage-displays, but their Lady Ann and Ophelia scenes. But actors of Mr. McCullough's degree need not expect to reach so much of triumph over Shakspeare and his critics. Madam Scheller made me feel how great was her woman's conception of Hamlet's love for Ophelia; but who could imagine that Mr. McCulloch loved her with more than the sum of forty thousand brothers' love? See the subject in the text:

HAM: What is he, whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into Ophelia's grave.]

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

QUEEN: O, my son! what theme?

HAM: I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

HAM: Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up Esile, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't!—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!

Old Polonius was right. This is the very ecstasy of love—a love crossed, distracted, oft driven into madness by the potent spirit that ruled the play. Here, mark Hamlet's pledge to his murdered father, and, thus linked with the Ophelia subject, what an immensity of conception is thrown into birth, how vast and complex the part given to the actor to render when the minor theme—the "ecstasy of love"—is mixed in the mighty distraction of Hamlet's mind:

"Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds her seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
And saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven,
O most pernicious woman!

What method and complexity have we in this climax! His love comes not in his vow; Ophelia is not named—his mother is merely implied, but they both together came as the climax into Hamlet's mind, and

wrung from him his bitterest passage:

"Unmixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven.
O, most pernicious woman!

Did Mr. McCullough, the other evening, as Hamlet, render a tithe of this *Ophelia* subject, not exacting here upon any part of the greater theme? Did he even *conceive* a tithe? I instance this gentleman because he played the part, and not to libel his excellence, nor to spit out a spite. The great Forrest may equally take the matter to himself. The reviewer must stand neither for favorite stars, nor upon a consideration for the management, when Shakspeare is under review. Conscious that even the genius of Edmund Kean and J. B. Booth did not burst into final perfection the immortal parts which left them something still to do after the great Garrick passed away, I dare not speak of a *perfect* Hamlet.

The passage, "Get thee to a nunnery," &c., in which Edmund Kean made his startling hits, originating that now stagey exit and quick return, generally strike the audience through the medium of a harsh repugnant treatment. They only excuse Hamlet's cruel manner upon the supposition of his madness; yet to the critic those very passages are the most affecting of any part in this grand play, and thus such artistes as the Keans and Booths have rendered them. *It is a phase of love in its extreme distraction.* The true interpretation of its burden is: Get thee to a nunnery! for I love thee, Ophelia; "forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum." But Hamlet's passion was at once betraying Ophelia, himself, and the cause of his murdered father. Hence the distraction and apparent discords in the tender theme of love. "Why, would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" is not rude as too often made, but it is sharpened with a keen personal point, and has in it a blended agony of despair and desire. "We will have no more marriages," &c., is of the same quality: therefore, "To a nunnery go; and quickly, too. Farewell!"

Touching Ophelia, of the other evening, let it be here observed that Madam Scheller is one of the very best Ophelias of the modern stage; but there will, in another number, appear a dramatic and biographical sketch of this excellent artiste.

Of Mr. McCullough as a Shakspearian actor, I must confess to no uncommon appreciation. Madam Scheller, who played Ophelia to his Hamlet, could answer the question whether he helped her with that magnetism with which Hamlet, above all other, characters is charged. She could answer, too, whether or not our own David McKenzie possesses more than the other gentleman this same quality of magnetism. Now, this quality comes from the essence of genius. Mr. McKenzie contains in his nature fifty degrees out of the hundred more of this magnetism—this genius—than nearly every professional star that has shined on the Salt Lake Stage. I except Davenport, Pouncefort and Coudock; no others. Mr. McKenzie might aspire to the character of Hamlet. He has genius, and it has for a time exhausted him; but the class to which the majority of our modern "stars" belong, only suffer from physical, not metaphysical, exhaustion: therefore, they can never incarnate a Hamlet; they are in no danger of closing their mortal career like Edmund Kean, carried home to die at the close of his great speech "Othello's occupation's gone!"

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT.
[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER LIV.

They met at one o'clock; he radiant as the sun, and with a rose in his button-hole; she sad and sombre, and with her very skin twitching at the thought of the explanation she had to go through.

He began with amorous commonplaces; she stopped him, gravely. "Arthur," said she, "you and I are alone now, and I have a confession to make. Unfortunately, I must cause you pain—terrible pain. Oh! my heart flinches at the wound I am going to give you; but it is my fate either to wound or to deceive you."

During this preamble, Arthur sat amazed rather than alarmed. He did not interrupt her, though she paused, and would gladly have been interrupted, since an interruption is an assistance in perplexities.

"Arthur, we suffered great hardships on the boat, and you would have lost me but for one person. He saved my life again and again; I saved his upon the island. My constancy was subject to trials—oh, such trials! So great an example of every manly virtue forever before my eyes! My gratitude and my pity eternally pleading! England and you seemed gone forever. Make excuses for me if you can. Arthur—I have formed an attachment."

In making this strange avowal she hung her head and blushed, and the tears ran down her cheeks. But we suspect they ran for HIM, and not for Arthur.

Arthur turned deadly sick at this tremendous blow, dealt with so soft a hand. At last he gasped out, "If you marry him you will bury me."

"No, Arthur," said Helen, gently; "I could not marry him, even if you were to permit me. When you knew more, you will see that, of us three unhappy ones, you are the least unhappy. But, since this is so, am I wrong to tell you the truth, and leave you to decide whether our engagement ought to continue. Of course, what I have owned to you releases you."

"Releases me! But it does not unbind my heart from yours," cried Arthur in despair.

Then his hysterical nature came out, and he was so near fainting away, that Helen sprinkled water on his temples, and applied eau-de-cologne to his nostrils, and murmured, "Poor, poor Arthur; oh, was I born only to afflict those I esteem?"

He saw her with the tears of pity in her eyes, and he caught her hand, and said, "You were always the soul of honor; keep faith with me, and I will cure you of that unhappy attachment."

"What? do you hold me to my engagement after what I have told you?"

"Cruel Helen! you know I have not the power to hold you."

"I am not cruel; and you have the power. But, oh, think! For your own sake, not mine."

"I have thought; and this attachment to a man you cannot marry is a mere misfortune, yours as well as mine. Give me your esteem until your love comes back, and let our engagement continue."

"It was for you to decide," said Helen, coldly, "and you have decided. There is one condition I must ask you to submit to."

"I submit to it."

"What, before you hear it?"

"Helen, you don't know what a year of misery I have endured, ever since the report came of your death. My happiness is cruelly dashed now; but still it is great happiness by comparison. Make your conditions. You are my queen, as well as my love and my life."

Helen hesitated. It shocked her delicacy to lower the man she had consented to marry.

"Oh, Helen," said Arthur, "anything but secrets between you and me. Go on as you have begun, and let me know the worst at once."

"Can you be very generous, Arthur? generous to him who has caused you so much pain?"

"I'll try," said Arthur, with a groan.

"I would not marry him, unless you gave me up; for I am your betrothed, and you are true to me. I could not marry him, even if I were not pledged to you; but it so happens, I

can do him one great service without injustice to you; and this service I have vowed to do before I marry. I shall keep that vow, as I keep faith with you. He has been driven from society by a foul slander: that slander I am to sift and confute. It will be long and difficult; but I shall do it; and you could help me if you chose. But that I will not be so cruel as to ask."

Arthur bit his lip with jealous rage; but he was naturally cunning, and his cunning showed him there was at present but one road to Helen's heart. He quelled his torture about as well as he could, and resolved to take that road. He reflected a moment, and then he said—

"If you succeed in that, will you marry me the next day?"

"I will, upon my honor."

"Then, I will help you."

"Arthur, think what you say. Women have loved as unselfishly as this; but no man, that ever I heard of."

"No man ever did love a woman as I love you. Yes, I would rather help you, though with a sore heart, than hold aloof from you. What have we to do together?"

"Did I not tell you? To clear his character of a foul stigma, and restore him to England, and to the world which he is so fitted to adorn."

"Yes, yes," said Arthur; "but who is it? Why do I ask, though? He must be a stranger to me."

"No stranger at all," said Helen; "but one who is almost as unjust to you, as the world has been to him;" then, fixing her eyes full on him, she said, "Arthur, it is your old friend and tutor, Robert Penfold."

CHAPTER LV.

Arthur Wardlaw was thunderstruck; and, for some time, sat stupidly staring at her. And to his blank gaze succeeded a look of terror, which seemed strange to her and beyond the occasion. But this was not all; for, after staring at her with scared eyes and ashy cheeks a moment or two, he got up and literally staggered out of the room without a word.

He had been taken by surprise, and, for once, all his arts had failed him.

Helen, whose eyes had never left his face, and had followed his retreating figure, was frightened at the weight of the blow she had struck; and strange thoughts and conjectures filled her mind. Hitherto, she had felt sure that Robert Penfold was under a delusion with regard to Arthur Wardlaw, and that his suspicions were as unjust as they certainly were vague. Yet, now, at the name of Robert Penfold, Arthur turned pale and fled like a guilty thing. This was a coincidence that confirmed her good opinion of Robert Penfold, and gave her ugly thoughts of Arthur. Still, she was one very slow to condemn a friend, and too generous and candid to condemn on suspicion; so she resolved as far as possible to suspend her unfavorable judgment of Arthur, until she should have asked him why this great emotion, and heard his reply.

Moreover, she was no female detective, but a pure creature bent on clearing innocence. The object of her life, was, not to discover the faults of Arthur Wardlaw, or any other person, but to clear Robert Penfold of a crime. Yet Arthur's strange behaviour was a great shock to her; for here, at the very outset, he had somehow made her feel she must hope for no assistance from him. She sighed at this check, and asked herself to whom she should apply first for aid. Robert had told her to see his counsel, his solicitor, his father, and Mr. Undercliff, an Expert, and to sift the whole matter.

Not knowing exactly where to begin, she thought she would, after all, wait a day or two to give Arthur time to recover himself, and decide calmly whether he would co-operate with her or not.

In this trying interval, she set up a diary—for the first time in her life; for she was no egotist: and she noted down what we have just related, only in a very condensed form, and wrote at the margin—"Mysterious."

Arthur never came near her for two whole days. This looked grave. On the third day she said to General Rolleston:

"Papa, you will help me in the good cause, will you not?"

He replied that he would do what he could, but feared that would be little.

"Will you take me down to Elmtrees, this morning?"

"With all my heart."

He took her down to Elmtrees. On the way she said: "Papa, you must let me get a word with Mr. Wardlaw, alone."

"Oh, certainly. But, of course, you will not say a word to

hurt his feelings."

"Oh, papa!"

"Excuse me: but, when a person of your age is absorbed with one idea, she sometimes forgets that other people have any feelings at all."

Helen kissed him meekly, and said that was too true; and she would be upon her guard.

To General Rolleston's surprise, his daughter no sooner saw old Wardlaw than she went—or seemed to go—into high spirits, and was infinitely agreeable.

"But, at last, she got him all to herself, and then she turned suddenly grave, and said:

"Mr. Wardlaw, I want to ask you a question. It is something about Robert Penfold."

Wardlaw shook his head. "That is a painful subject, my dear. But what do you wish to know about that unhappy young man?"

"Can you tell me the name of the counsel who defended him at the trial?"

"No, indeed, I cannot."

"But, perhaps, you can tell me where I could learn that."

"His father is in our office still; no doubt he could tell you."

Now, for obvious reasons, Helen did not like to go to the office; so she asked faintly if there was nobody else who could tell her.

"I suppose the solicitor could."

"But I don't know who was the solicitor," said Helen, with a sigh.

"Hum!" said the merchant. "Try the bill-broker. I'll give you his address;" and he wrote it down for her.

Helen did not like to be too importunate, and she could not bear to let Wardlaw senior know she loved anybody better than his son; and yet some explanation was necessary: so she told him as calmly as she could that her father and herself were both well acquainted with Robert Penfold, and knew many things to his credit.

"I am glad to hear that," said Wardlaw; "and I can believe it. He bore an excellent character here, till, in an evil hour, a strong temptation came, and he fell."

"What! You think he was guilty?"

"I do. Arthur, I believe, has his doubts still. But he is naturally prejudiced in his friend's favor: and, besides, he was not at the trial; I was."

"Thank you, Mr. Wardlaw," said Helen, coldly; and, within five minutes she was on her way home.

"Arthur prejudiced in Robert Penfold's favour!" That puzzled her extremely.

She put down the whole conversation while her memory was fresh. She added this comment:—"What darkness I am groping in!"

Next day she went to the bill-broker, and told him Mr. Wardlaw senior had referred her to him for certain information. Wardlaw's name was evidently a passport. Mr. Adams said obsequiously, "Anything in the world I can do, madam?"

"It is about Mr. Robert Penfold. I wish to know the name of the counsel he had at his trial."

"Robert Penfold! What, the forger?"

"He was accused of that crime," said Helen, turning red.

"Accused, madam! He was convicted. I ought to know; for it was my partner he tried the game on. But I was too sharp for him. I had him arrested before he had time to melt the notes; indicted him, and sent him across the herring pond, in spite of his person's coat, the rascal."

Helen drew back, as if a serpent had stung her.

"It was you who had him transported!" cried she, turning her eyes on him with horror.

"Of course it was me," said Mr. Adams, firing up; "and I did the country good service. I look upon a forger as worse than a murderer. What is the matter? You are ill."

The poor girl was half-fainting at the sight of the man who had destroyed her Robert, and owned it.

"No, no," she cried, hastily; "let me get away—let me get away from here—you cruel, cruel man."

She tottered to the door, and got to her carriage, she scarcely knew how, without the information she went for.

The bill-broker was no fool; he saw now how the land lay; he followed her down the stairs, and tried to stammer excuses, "Charing Cross Hotel," said she, faintly, and hid her face against the cushion to avoid the sight of him.

When she got home, she cried bitterly at her feminine weakness, and her incapacity; and she entered this pitiable failure in her journal with a severity our mail readers will hardly, we think, be disposed to imitate; and she added, by way of comment—"Is this how I carry out my poor Robert's precept: 'Be

obstinate as a man; be supple as a woman!'"

That night she consulted her father on this difficulty, so slight to any but an inexperienced girl. He told her there must be a report of the trial in the newspapers, and the report would probably mention the counsel; she had better consult a file.

Then the thing was to where to find a file. After one or two failures, the British Museum was suggested. She went thither, and could not get into read without certain formalities! While these were being complied with, she was at a stand-still.

That same evening came a line from Arthur Wardlaw:

"DEAREST HELEN,

"I hear from Mr. Adams that you desire to know the name of the counsel who defended Robert Penfold. It was Mr. Tollemache. He has chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

"Ever devotedly yours,

"ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen was touched with this letter, and put it away endorsed with a few words of gratitude and esteem, and copied it into her diary, and remarked, "This is one more warning not to judge hastily. Arthur's agitation was probably only great emotion at the mention of one, whose innocence he believes and whose sad fate distresses him." She wrote back and thanked him sweetly, and in terms that encouraged a visit. Next day she went to Mr. Tollemache. A seedy man followed her at a distance. Mr. Tollemache was not at his chambers, nor expected till four o'clock. He was in court. She left her card, and wrote on it in pencil that she would call at four.

She went at ten minutes after four. Mr. Tollemache declined through his clerk to see her if she was a client; he could only be approached by her solicitor. She felt inclined to go away and cry; but this time she remembered she was to be obstinate as a man, and supple as a woman. She wrote on a card, "I am not a client of Mr. Tollemache, but a lady deeply interested in obtaining some information, which Mr. Tollemache can with perfect propriety give me. I trust to his courtesy as a gentleman not to refuse me a short interview."

"Admit the lady," said a sharp, little voice.

She was ushered in, and found Mr. Tollemache standing before the fire.

"Now, madam, what can I do for you?"

"Some years ago you defended Mr. Robert Penfold; he was accused of forgery."

"Oh, was he? I think I remember something about it. A banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

"Oh, no, sir. A clergyman."

"A clergyman? I remember it perfectly. He was convicted."

"Do you think he was guilty, sir?"

"There was a strong case against him."

"I wish to sift the case."

"Indeed. And you want to go through the papers."

"What papers, sir?"

"The brief for the defence."

"Yes," said Helen, boldly; "would you trust me with that, sir. Oh, if you knew how deeply I am interested!" The tears were in her lovely eyes.

"The brief has gone back to the solicitor, of course. I dare say he will let you read it upon a proper representation."

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell me who is the solicitor, and where he lives?"

"Oh, I can't remember who was the solicitor. That is the very first thing you ought to have ascertained. It was no use coming to me."

"Forgive me for troubling you, sir," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Not at all, madam; I am only sorry I cannot be of more service. But do let me advise you to employ your solicitor to make these preliminary inquiries. Happy to consult with him and re-open the matter, should he discover any fresh evidence." He bowed her out, and sat down to a brief while she was yet in sight.

She turned away heart-sick. The advice she had received was good: but she shrank from baring her heart to her father's solicitor.

"She sat disconsolate awhile, then ordered another cab, and drove to Wardlaw's office. It was late, and Arthur had gone home; so, indeed, had everybody, except one young subordinate, who was putting up the shutters. "Sir," said she, "can you tell me where old Mr. Penfold lives?"

"Somewhere in the suburbs, mls."

"Yes, sir, but where?"

"I think it is out Pimlico way."

"Could you not give me the street. I would beg you to accept a present if you could." This sharpened the young gentleman's wits; he went in and groped here and there, till he found the address; and gave it her:—No3, Fairfield Cottages, Primrose Lane, Pimlico. She gave him a sovereign, to his infinite surprise and delight; and told the cabman to drive to the hotel.

The, next moment the man, who had followed her, was chatting familiarly with the subordinate, and helping him put up the shutters. "I say, Dick," said the youngster, "Penfold's is up in the market; a duchess was here just now, and gave me a sov, to tell her where he lived. Wait a moment till I spit on it for luck."

The agent however did not wait to witness that interesting ceremony. He went back to his Hansom round the corner, and drove at once to Arthur Wardlaw's house with the information.

Helen noted down Michael Penfold's address in her diary, and would have gone to him that evening but that she was engaged to dine with her father.

Next day she went down to 3 Fairfield Cottages at half-past four. On the way her heart palpitated, for this was a very important interview. Here at least she might hope to find some clue, by following out which she would, sooner or later, establish Robert's innocence. But then came a fearful thought. "Why had not his father done this already, if it was possible to do it? His father must love him. His father must have heard his own story and tested it in every way. Yet his father remained the servant of a firm, the senior partner of which had told her to her face Robert was guilty."

It was a strange and terrible enigma. Yet she clung to the belief that some new light would come to her from Michael Penfold. Then came bashful fears. "How should she account to Mr. Penfold for the interest she took in his son, she who was affianced to Mr. Penfold's employer." She arrived at 3 Fairfield Cottages with her cheeks burning, and repeating to herself, "Now is the time to be supple as a woman but obstinate as a man."

She sent the cabman in to inquire for Mr. Penfold; a sharp girl of about thirteen came out to her, and told her Mr. Penfold was not at home.

"Can you tell me when he will be at home?"

"No, miss. He have gone to Scotland. A telegraphum came from Wardlaw's last night, as he was to go to Scotland, first thing this morning; and he went at six o'clock."

"Oh, dear! How unfortunate!"

"Who shall I say called, miss?"

"Thank you, I will write. What time did the telegram come?"

"Between five and six last evening, miss."

She returned to the hotel. Fate seemed to be against her. Baffled at the very threshold! At the hotel she found Arthur Wardlaw's card, and a beautiful bouquet.

She sat down directly and wrote to him affectionately, and asked him in the postscript if he could send her a report of the trial. She received a reply directly, that he had inquired in the office, for one of the clerks had the reports of it, but this clerk was unfortunately out, and had locked up his desk.

Helen sighed. Her feet seemed to be clogged at every step of this inquiry.

Next morning however, a large envelope came for her, and a Mr. Hand wrote to her thus:—

"MADAM,

"Having been requested by Mr. Arthur Wardlaw to send you my reports of a trial, the Queen versus Penfold. I herewith forward the same, and would feel obliged by your returning them at your convenience.

"Your obedient servant,

"JAMES HAND."

Helen took the enclosed extracts to her bed-room, and there read them over many times.

In both these reports the case for the Crown was neat, clear, cogent and straightforward, and supported by evidence. The defence was chiefly arguments of counsel to show the improbability of a clergyman and a man of good character passing a forged note. One of the reports stated that Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, a son of the principal witness, had taken the matter so to heart that he was now dangerously ill at Oxford. The other

report did not contain this, but it stated, on the other hand, that the prisoner had endeavored to lay the blame on Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, but that the judge had stopped him, and said he could only aggravate his offence by endeavoring to cast a slur upon the Wardlaws, who had both shown a manifest desire to shield him; but were powerless for want of evidence.

In both the reports the summing up of the judge was moderate in expression, but leaned against the prisoner in every point, and corrected the sophistical reasoning of the counsel very sensibly. Both the reports said an Expert was called for the prisoner, whose ingenuity made the court smile, but did not counterbalance the evidence. Helen sat, cold as ice, with the extracts in her hand.

Not that her sublime faith was shaken. But that poor Robert appeared to have been so calmly and fairly dealt with by everybody. Even Mr. Hennessey, the counsel for the Crown, had opened the case with humane regret, and confined himself to facts, and said that nobody would be more pleased than he would, if this evidence could be contradicted, or explained in a manner consistent with the prisoner's innocence.

What a stone she had undertaken to roll—up what a hill!

What was to be her next step? Go to the Museum, which was now open to her and read more reports? She shrank from that.

"The newspapers are all against him," said she; "and I don't want to be told he is guilty when I know he is innocent."

She now re-examined the extracts with a view to names, and found the only names mentioned were those of the counsel. The Expert's name was not given in either. However she knew that from Robert. She resolved to speak to Mr. Hennessey first, and try and get at the defendant's solicitor through him.

She found him out by the Law Directory, and called at a few minutes past four.

Hennessey was almost opposite to Tollemache. He was about the size of a gentleman's wardrobe; and, like most enormous men, good-natured. He received her, saw with his practised eye that she was no common person, and, after a slight hesitation on professional grounds he heard her request. He sent for his note-book and found the case in one moment, remastered it in another, and told her the solicitor for the Crown in that case was Freshfield.

"Now," said he, "you want to know who was the defendant's solicitor? Jenkins, a stamped envelope. Write your name and address on that."

While she was doing it he scratched a line to Mr. Freshfield, asking him to send the required information to the enclosed address.

She thanked Mr. Hennessey with the tears in her eyes.

"I dare not ask you whether you think him guilty," she said.

Hennessey shook his head with an air of good-natured rebuke.

"You must not cross-examine counsel," said he, "but if I will be any comfort to you, I'll say this much, there was just a shadow of doubt, and Tollemache certainly let a chance slip. If I had defended your friend, I would have insisted on a postponement of the trial until this Arthur Wardlaw" (looking at his book) "could be examined either in court, or otherwise. If he was really dying. Is he dead, do you know?"

"No."

"I thought so. Sick witnesses are often at death's door; but I never knew one pass the threshold. Ha! ha! The trial ought to have been postponed till he got well. If a judge refused me a postponement in such a case I would make him so odious to the jury, that the prisoner would get a verdict in spite of his teeth."

"Then you think he was badly defended?"

"No; that is saying a great deal more than I could justify. But there are counsel who trust too much to their powers of reasoning, and underrate a clink in the evidence pro. or con. Practice, and a few back-falls, cure them of that."

Mr. Hennessey uttered this general observation with a certain change of tone, which showed he thought he had said as much or more than his visitor had any right to expect from him; and she, therefore, left him; repeating her thanks. She went home pondering on every word he had said, and entered it all in her journal, with the remark, "How strange! the first doubt of Robert's guilt comes to me from the lawyer who caused him to be found guilty. He calls it the shadow of a doubt."

That very evening Mr. Freshfield had the courtesy to send her by messenger the name and address of the solicitor who had defended Robert Penfold. Lovejoy and James, Lincoln's Inn Fields. She called on them, and sent them her card. She was kept waiting a long time in the outer office, and felt ashamed, and sick at heart, seated among young clerks. At last she was admitted, and told Mr. Lovejoy she and her father, General Rolleston, were much interested in a late client of his Robert Penfold, and would he be kind enough to let her see the brief for his defence?

"Are you a relation of the Penfolds, Madam?"

"No, sir," said Helen, blushing.

"Humph!" said Lovejoy.

He touched a hand-bell. A clerk appeared.

"Ask Mr. Upton to come to me."

Mr. Upton, the managing clerk, came out in due course, and Mr. Lovejoy asked him—

"Who instructed us in the Queen versus Penfold?"

"It was Michael Penfold, sir."

Mr. Lovejoy then told Helen that she must get a line from Mr. Michael Penfold, and then the papers should be submitted to her.

"Yes; but, sir," said Helen, Mr. Penfold is in Scotland."

"Well, but you can write to him."

"No; I don't know in what part of Scotland he is."

"Then you are not very intimate with him?"

"No, sir; my acquaintance is with Mr. Robert Penfold."

"Have you a line from him?"

"I have no written authority from him: but will you not take my word that I act by his desire?"

"My dear madam," said the lawyer, "we go by rule. There are certain forms to be observed in these things. I am sure your own good sense will tell you that it would be cruel and improper of me to submit those papers without an order from Robert or Michael Penfold. Pray consider this as a delay, not as a refusal."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, "but I meet with nothing but delays, and my heart is breaking under them."

The solicitor looked sorry, but would not act irregularly. She went home sighing, and condemned to wait the return of Michael Penfold.

The cab-door was opened for her by a seedy man she fancied she had seen before.

Baffled thus, and crippled in every movement she made, however slight, in favour of Robert Penfold, she was seduced on the other hand into all the innocent pleasures of the town. Her adventure had transpired somehow or other, and all General Rolleston's acquaintances hunted him up; and both father and daughter were courted by people of ton as lions. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about her, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon somehow on her desolate island. She always wore them; they linked her to that sacred purpose she seemed to be forgetting. Her father drew her with him into the vortex, hiding from her that he embarked in it principally for her sake, and she went down the current with him out of filial duty. Thus unfathomable difficulties thrust her back from her up-hill task: and the world, with soft but powerful hand, drew her away to it. Arthur brought her a choice bouquet every evening, but otherwise did not intrude much upon her; and though she was sure he would assist her, if she asked him, gratitude and delicacy forbade her to call him again to her assistance. She preferred to await the return of Michael Penfold. She had written to him at the office to tell him she had news of his son, and begged him to give her instant notice of his return from Scotland.

Day after day passed, and he did not write to her. She began to chafe, and then to pine. Her father saw, and came to a conclusion that her marriage with Arthur ought to be hastened. He resolved to act quietly but firmly towards that end.

A SIERRA LEONE WEDDING.

The behavior of the applicants for the bonds of Hy-men is, for the most part, decorous; but I am sometimes compelled to read them a lecture, as well as the friends who attend them; I make, however, every allowance for their not knowing better. The most troublesome and unpleasant part of the duty is to regulate and keep in order the ill-behaved, and very

often disreputable, characters who crowd into the church on such occasions, and would, if not restrained by severe and decisive interference, bring their ribaldry up to the railings of the altar. I have often been obliged to send for a policeman to preserve decorum; and then the miserable beings will run out of the church with laughter and grins, and every other expression of ignorance and contempt. The dress of the bride and bridegroom at the bridal merits a better pen than mine to describe it. The uglier the parties, the more pains they seem to take to show contrast of finery and colour; fancy a short, dumpy, waddling bit of a body, black as jet, covered with white silk and satin! flounced four deep, white satin shoes; white gloves; artificial wreath, or a fillet of natural flowers, encircling her curly pate!—there is no exaggeration in this. Then the massive ear-rings of virgin gold depending from two monstrous lapping ears, the almost imperceptible nose, the pouting lip, and white pearly teeth! So much for the bride; now for the bridegroom. Scarcely able to turn one way or the other, so tightly is he cased in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with guilt figured buttons, white folding waistcoat, and everything else to correspond. The wedding-ring must not be over-looked, as it is frequently a curiosity itself, and not always of gold, or plain, but sometimes silver, brass, tin, broad and twisted. The glove of the bashful lady has generally to be violently taken off to admit the putting on the finger the emblem of fidelity and perpetuity of love; and I have never wanted volunteers to officiate for me in helping the most interested of the party to get the ring honestly and fairly in its appointed place. The most painful part of my duty in those matters was to get them to repeat the words of the service after me; the wretched stupidity they would show in trying to do this exceeds belief, and the unseasonable ridicule it would provoke in their own people was distressingly trying. In short, their deplorable ignorance in numerous cases of the serious nature of the responsibility they were undertaking could not fail of causing regret that they marry at all. After the ceremony is over, they are very fond of parading themselves through the streets, but cannot conceal the uneasiness they are manifestly suffering from a style of dress to which they are not habituated. Not unfrequently the new-married couple take off shoes and stockings, tuck up their smart flounces, and in this more simple way of travelling pursue their path homewards to conclude the day with the marriage feast. These connubial suppers are conducted according to the circumstances of the parties, on a scale equal to, if not beyond, their means. The earnings and savings of many months are expended in furnishing them with what their notions of good things deem necessary for so grand a palaver, to use a homely expression; they set their hearts upon being able to hoard together as much of everything as they can purchase, or otherwise obtain, and very often foolishly expend all they possess.—*Dr. Poole.*

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.—Everybody loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious scarcely love one another. Upon the same subject an Arabian happily observed, that he learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired him with a distaste for vice.